

God's Lilies.

God's lilies droop about the world,
In sweetness everywhere;
They are the maiden-souls who learn
To comfort, and to bear,
And to smile upon the heavy cross
That every one must wear.
O lilies, beautiful and meek!
They know God's will is right,
And so they raise their patient heads,
In dark and stormy night,
And far above the Eastern hills
They see the dawn of light.

They know that when their day is done
And deep the shadow lies,
The cross will weary them no more;
So lightly they arise
To meet the angels when they call
"Lilies of Paradise!"

—Sunday Magazine.

ROMANCE OF AN OLD PURITAN.

FIRST LOVE AND SECOND MARRIAGE.

William Bradford, whose name stands second on the list of signatures to the celebrated compact made in the little cabin of the Mayflower, and who became the second Governor of Plymouth colony, was born at Amsterfield, Yorkshire, England, in the month of March, 1588. His parents dying in his youth, he was left to the care of his grandparents, and after them to his uncles. His family was respectable, but was among the yeomanry of England, and he was bred to agriculture.

At an early period he took upon himself the care of his large estates, and to improve and beautify them was his occupation and pleasure. But while each day found him busy with the men in the fields, night found him busy with his books. He became a proficient in the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, and French and German he both read and spoke with ease. While still a mere youth he identified himself with the Puritans, and at seventeen years of age was one of a company who attempted to escape to Holland, in quest of liberty to worship as their consciences counselled. But they were betrayed, and cast into prison at Boston, Lincolnshire.

While religion and numerous other grave and earnest objects had their place in his mind, there was one corner where a more beautiful, less grave, but as earnest a passion held sway. Love had entered the heart of the young Puritan; and often, while his head was bowed over his book, the graceful figure of her he loved would charm his eyes, making his heart throb with delight. When as a child he had played with little Alice Carpenter, he knew that she was lovelier and sweeter to him than any other golden-haired, rosy-lipped little fairy. She was just two years younger than himself.

As years passed, and her form became taller and fuller, the golden curls deepening in shade to a sunny brown, she grew more beautiful to him. Many were the walks they had together. His lands joined her father's, and of a summer evening, leaning over the hedge that divided them, long and sweet were the conversations they enjoyed.

One eve in autumn, Alice announced to him that in two days more she was to go to London with an aunt, to stay some months. The news came like a death-blow upon William. The Carpenter family had been highly distinguished in former times, and one of its members had received from the king the honor of knighthood, but they were now indigent, and William determined to risk his fate, and ask Alice of her stern and proud father. He hoped that his own broad lands and fair name might influence the father to accept him as a match for this lovely but portionless girl.

But he did not know the pride of the stern old man. He was dismissed with haughty and severe reproaches for his presumption. His religious belief would have raised a barrier had there been no other, and sad was the interview of the young lovers that evening at the trysting place where they had spent so many hours. It was to be their last meeting. William was too proud and high-minded, and Alice too dutiful, to act in opposition to a parent's wishes.

Alice went to London, and in course of time was married to Constant Southworth, a wealthy and honorable man. William devoted himself to his farm and books.

By-and-by he felt that a wife was needful to him, and his eye fell on Dorothy May, a sensible, discreet woman of his own rank in life. He did not love her as he had loved Alice, but he felt an honest and true affection for her, and she proved an estimable, faithful wife.

The number of those professing the Puritan faith increased, and trial and persecution were their lot. William was one of the earliest advocates for their removal to America, where they might enjoy their religion undisturbed. He was with the little band in their hasty flight, in their sojourn in London, and upon the stormy and perilous ocean in cabin of the Mayflower.

While in Cape Cod harbor, and during his absence with a party sent to explore the coast, his faithful wife Dorothy fell from the ship and was drowned. He sincerely mourned for her, for she had been an affectionate wife, but, with the submission of a Christian, he calmly turned to the duties of life. Life for him was a warfare with hunger and cold, disease and savage enemies. What the colonists suffered is well known.

Mr. Bradford was now a mature man of thirty-two, and when Governor Carver died, a few months after their arrival he was elected his successor, and for a period of more than thirty-one years he directed the affairs of the colony. But while with fatherly care he watched over the little colony, he often felt the want of woman's ready sympathy and soothing tenderness.

He thought of Alice. The love he had felt for her had never died out in his heart. While the husband of another, it had slumbered, but now Alice and

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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In the Land of Beulah.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

himself were both free, for her husband had died a year since. Did she remember the lover of her youth? And if she yet cherished that memory, would she consent to leave a happy home and troops of loving friends to share the fortunes of one in a wilderness?

At last he decided to write to her, and propose that she should share his fortunes. Early in the spring of 1623 the letter was sent. He set before her faithfully all the trials and privations to which she would be exposed; he left it to her to decide whether she could regard his love as an equivalent for the sacrifices she would be called upon to make. And he requested her, if she should consent, since the affairs of the colony would not suffer his absence, to take passage in the first ship bound for the colonies. The time passed slowly to the Governor, until, on the 14th of September a sail was discerned, as yet a faint speck on the horizon. It was in this ship he expected Alice. If she were not there, there would arrive a written rejection of his proposal.

The whole population of the town crowded to the landing. Governor Bradford stood firm and erect, conspicuous among the little crowd. When the vessel touched the shore, all hurried on board. The Governor passed from one to another with warm welcoming, but his eye watched for Alice. He sees her not. His hope has gone out. "It is God's will," says the devout Puritan.

Just then a woman ascends the stairs from the cabin. She is taller than the Alice of his remembrance. Strange, for though he knew years must have changed her, yet she had always risen before him as the slender girl with whom he had parted. And here she stands, the beautiful, stately, dignified woman. Probably she, too, had her surprise.

For a moment the pair looked at each other, and then "William!" "Alice!" burst from their lips, and the hearts so long sundered were united. That very evening the marriage took place. There was joy of heart, but no extravagant display. Long and happy was the union here consummated.

Thirty-four additional years was the good-Governor spared to the colony, whose prosperity he did so much to promote. His wife survived him fifteen years. She was well educated and dignified in deportment, and did much for the improvement of the rising generation. Pilgrim Hall stands upon land formerly in her possession. It is recorded of her that she was a good matron and much loved while she lived, and heartily lamented when she died.—Potter's American Journal.

A Mormon Ball.

Saturday was a holiday of the Mormons. At night it closed with a grand ball. How odd it seems to hear a ball announced in church; how strange to see a ball opened with prayer! What dancers these Mormons! There was a perfect jam and crush. The sexes were about equally represented. The women were plainly clad—not a low neck dress in the room, not a trailing dress to be seen, and the dancing was muscularly vigorous, and of prancing style, with lateral, vertical, and other motions; not one among all the women present displayed an ankle, nor could the most curious more than catch a glimpse of that part of the female anatomy. In dress, at least, the Mormons are modest and severe. But for the men—what shall I say? They come totally indifferent to personal appearance. A goodly portion were in working clothes, many were in their shirt sleeves, few had dressed their hair, scarcely one had put on a clean shirt, scores wore no collars, and not a few were filthy dirty, while the women in masses were clean, neat and tidy, not a few being tastefully arrayed in white. The dancing was about four parts of quadrille to one part of round dance. In the cotillions no man's arm encircled a woman's waist. In waltzing there was no hugging. All the dancing was hard work; they rolled into it until their faces were purple; the men danced as if doing it for dear life, not a bit of mincing about it; ah, no; the way they cracked heels, sprang into the air, pinnetted and broke down, would have sent Billy Emerson and his like mad with envy. I was introduced to three ladies of like name, and like a blundering Gentile took them for sisters or some such, when they were only wives of one man. I looked with the sublimest admiration upon one woman who had eleven husbands by aid of the Mormon divorce code. I put my foot in it in comparing two ladies in conversation with a man who quietly closed the audience by remarking that they were both his wives. I made up my mind to dance a Mormon quadrille, but discovered that it required the ear of experience to their calling, the feet of the chamois, the strength of Hercules, the agility of Mercury, and the bottom of Pegasus. I left in disgrace, after mixing a set up terribly by my blunders, and after, by lack of speed and wind, spoiling the fun of six Mormons and one Gentile for that dance.—Sacramento Union.

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In the Land of Beulah.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

We all remember how glad we were when, on their long journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City, the pilgrims came to the land of Beulah. How fair were its gardens! How golden the mists that floated translucent above its glorious hills! How sweet was its atmosphere, fragrant beforehand with the odors of Paradise!

To this Land of Beulah, ever and anon, arrive some of the pilgrim host who are journeying to the land of rest. Probably many of the aged, whose eyes shall fall upon this page, know by their own blessed experience how safe and sunny and delightful it is to tarry there. With wistful eyes we who are lower down regard these favored ones. They have fought the good fight, they have finished the course; there is laid up for them the crown of victory. Until they enter heaven they are permitted to dwell in the peace of heaven's vestibule.

The Bible, which as years go on grows dearer and dearer to every pious heart, in time gets to be almost the only book of the aged. They may have been fond of other books—of poetry, of history, of speculation in this field and in that. But when the eye grows dim, and the spectacles become often blurred; when the grasshopper is a burden; when desire fails, then more and more they seek for comfort and for hope in the deep, clear well of God's Word. Never do they go there in vain. It is as if God's angel hovered near them, bringing to them cup after cup of refreshment from the silvery stream that flows fast by the divine oracles.

Did you ever think how many pictures of the aged are drawn in the Sacred Scriptures? This morning I was reading of Barzillai, the Gileadite. It was when David, after Absalom's death, was returning to Jerusalem. Barzillai, we are told, was a very aged man, fourscore years old, and a very great man too,—rich, generous, and loyal. David said to him, "Come thou over with me, and I will feed thee with me in Jerusalem." Or as we would say, "Come, thou honored and honorable man, be my friend, and abide, my guest, in the palace." But Barzillai said, "How long have I to live, that I should go up with the king to Jerusalem? I am this day fourscore years old; and can I discern between good and evil? Can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and women? Wherefore, then should thy servant be yet a burden unto my Lord the king? Thy servant will go a little way over Jordan with the king; and why should the king recompense me with such a reward? Let thy servant I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother."

Barzillai had passed the time of life when mere material pleasures could charm his fancy. He was already looking forward to the repose of being gathered to his fathers. But the stately old man, nevertheless, was glad to pay reverence to the king he loved, and, staff in hand, escorted him over Jordan, and set him forward well on his homeward way.

So there are many aged people now, who, while they hold with a loosening clasp to earthly pleasures, abate no jot of their steadfast, sturdy doing of duty. They fail in no act of kindness; they come short in no benefactions; they defraud no expectations. Do we not know more than one grand old man, with white head and benignant presence, who is never absent from his seat in church, whose tremulous voice in the prayer-meeting seems to win the blessing always, and who brings his little grandchildren to the Sunday-school and sits among them; himself with as loving a heart as they?

The recorded performances of some aged men are marvelous. It is told of the venerable Dr. John Adams, for many years principal of the Phillips Academy at Andover, that, retiring in a good old age from this position of trust and honor, he felt unwilling to spend the rest of his life in inactivity. He went to Illinois to live. The State was then newly settled. Dr. Adams employed himself in founding and caring for Sabbath-schools, and until he died, at the age of ninety-one, he occupied himself in this noble work. At least fifty thousand children were gathered into the Sunday-school ranks through his efforts.

The nearer one gets to heaven, the fainter often grows that terror which begets many through life—the terror of death. The aged pilgrim is readier than he used to be to exchange the scrip and sandals for the bright inheritance above. He begins to realize that death is but the opening of a door—the going forth from this world into the next, with its beauty, its bliss, and its never growing old. Here we gain nothing without a corresponding loss. Every luxury must be paid for with care and toil. The beautiful things with which we surround ourselves in our homes must be taken care of, or they are broken, mutilated, defaced. The studies in which we engage weary us. Health is beset by foes. Life wanes. Friends drop one by one away. The conflict is seldom set aside,

and then only by the flag of truce. In every calm we may be certain to find a prophecy of the coming storm.

But when we reach the Father's house, though we shall continue to live, we will never grow old; for it is trouble that ages us, and there will be no trouble, nor sickness, nor sorrow, nor crying. The former things have passed away. There will be no more sea, and no more moaning of the surge, and no more straining of the eyes to discern the far-off view of the land:

"We will all go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies—
Where the hope of the heart shall know no blight
And our love no broken ties."

Dear, aged friends, how pleasant it will be to be there. I give you joy, all you who are, as you count your birthdays, sure that you are nearly home.—*Christian at Work.*

Life in Other Worlds.

Says Proctor, the Astronomer: The question whether or not the planets and stars are inhabited, and, if so, by what sort of beings, has long agitated the mind of astronomers as well as common people. The latter, with the utility of argument, reasoned that the heavenly bodies must be peopled by some sort of inhabitants, since it was contrary to the economy of nature to suppose that thousands of worlds have been created not one of which, excepting our own, is suitable for organic existence. To this it might be answered that facts, and not theories, must be taken as data from which to proceed. Planets and stars are in a continual state of change. From the nebulous state onward, the matter of which they are composed is never at rest. Necessarily millions of ages must elapse before the surface of the planet is prepared to support any sort of life, either vegetable or animal.

After that comes a period when life in its various stages becomes possible and exists. Then, as a family left to intercommunication, dies out, so does organic life become extinct on any world. The period of organic life is, comparatively speaking, but a moment when compared with the life of the star, and therefore, the chances are thousands to one against the present age being the habitable one in any of them. The fact that the life stage is now prevailing in our own planet is no proof that it also prevails in the other worlds. Untold ages passed in the history of the earth before it was prepared, by cooling, to receive us, and similar ages will roll away after the human family has perished from the earth. It will gradually grow cool, so that the average temperature of the year will become lower and lower, until finally the earth will be, like the moon, barren, cold, the oceans all frozen, and all life extinct.

In more closely considering the various planets of the solar system we find that none of them, except perhaps Venus, affords those conditions which are essential to life. Organic life on Mercury would be impossible on account of the extreme heat, since there water cannot exist save in the form of steam. Mars has oceans, and at certain times of the year these are liquid, but in general they are frozen, and snows prevail over almost the whole planet. Jupiter and Saturn are out of the question. Every indication points to the certainty that they are themselves secondary suns, diffusing intense light and heat to their minor satellites. While Mars has passed the life-bearing stage, Jupiter and Saturn have not yet reached it. Venus, having a year nearly equal to our own, having seasons similar to ours, and a day and night, is probably the only planet that is now at the stage in which life is possible.

Judge Thomas M'Kean.

Perhaps no man attracted as much homage from the crowd as Judge Thomas M'Kean, then Delegate to Congress, and afterward Chief Justice. He was one of the first of the old stock of Pennsylvanians, of which one or two aged specimens yet remain, of abnormal size and strength both in mind and body. Judge M'Kean was over six feet, erect, even in old age, as a pine tree, and noted for the exceptional staidness of his carriage. He always wore an immense cocked hat and a scarlet gown upon the bench, and when he became Chief Justice, surrounded himself with all the state and solemn pomp which belong to the judiciary of England. The sheriff, tip-staves, etc., says David Paul Brown, swelled the retinue of Judge M'Kean as he passed in procession through the streets to open court. Thomas M'Kean is acknowledged to have been an able lawyer and a patriot of inflexible integrity, but it was hinted by jealous patriots that his stately and grim reserve was assumed to hide his lack of early good-breeding. He fought for the Declaration, signed it, and suffered for the signing with his usual indomitable firmness, being in 1777 hunted like a fox through the State, compelled to remove his family five times and hide them at last in a little log-house in the wilderness. Many anecdotes remain of the great jurist, both as Chief Justice and Governor, which forcibly illustrate the change of manners

since then. One day, when a mob had assembled outside of the Supreme Court, he sent for the sheriff and commanded him suppress the riot.

"I cannot do it," replied the trembling official.

"Why do you not summon your posse?" thundered the scowling Chief Justice.

"I have summoned them, but they are ineffectual."

"Then, Sir, why do you not summon me?"

The sheriff, stunned for a moment, gasped out, "I do summon you, Sir."

Whereupon the gigantic Chief Justice, scarlet gown, cocked hat, and all, swooped down on the mob like an eagle on a flock of sheep, and catching two of the ringleaders by the throat, quelled the riot.

Another story is of an effort made by the Philadelphians, when he was Governor, to prevent his nomination of Tilghman as Chief Justice. A committee was sent of Duane, Lieper, and others, who announced themselves as representing the sovereign people, the great democracy of Philadelphia, and declaring that they could never approve this nomination. The Governor listened with his usual haughty courtesy, and, bowing profoundly, replied, "Inform your constituents that I bow with submission to the great democracy of Philadelphia; but, by God! William Tilghman shall be Chief Justice of Pennsylvania." And he was.

M'Kean's daughter, a woman of great beauty, married the Marquis de Yröja, a Spanish grandee of bluest blood, but whose pride of bearing, we are told, never equaled that of his plebeian father-in-law.—"From 'Old Philadelphia,'" by REBECCA HARDING DAVIS, in *Harper's Magazine* for May.

The Oblivion Church.

The bishops are not permitted to marry. The parish priests may marry, but not the second time. That the Russian people have an ardent predilection for all pertaining to the church, the numberless spires towering to heaven over temples dedicated to God, are the proofs. The churches are open to the devout several times a day; at an early hour the bell invites the pious to prayer, and until after the chanting of the vespers worshippers are found. At Easter the resurrection of Christ is symbolized by processions of the clergy, closing the doors of the churches, as the holy sepulchre was closed with a block of stone, and then having them re opened, when a few who have been left inside announce "Christ is risen!"—which exultation is taken up by the clergy and responded to by the people with "Truly risen!" The orthodox Christian never sits down to a meal or rises from it without thanking his God; never begins a labor before making the sign of the cross; never passes a church without lifting his hat, and never moves into a new house that is not blessed by the clergy. To be a Russian and an orthodox Christian are synonymous. The church permits the irresponsible—little innocent children—to partake of the Holy Communion, but this privilege exists only before the age of seven years, after which they must prepare for the sacred banquet by confessing their sins to a priest, and being heartily contrite. The Russian church highly reveres the Word of God, and encourages its reading; believes in seven sacraments—baptism, confirmation, excommunication, penance, holy union, ordination and matrimony; uses no organs or other musical instruments; follows the liturgies of St. Chrysostom and St. Basil, and tolerates no persecution on account of difference of belief. Though she retains the same grand, old immutable faith, it by no means follows that she is incapable of progress; on the contrary, with the people's general awakening to a new life, the Church, too, awakes, and her steps forward have not been shorter than the civil resurrection brought about by His Majesty, the present illustrious occupant of the throne.

A Detroit lady purchased a jacket at a Woodward avenue store the other day, and the clerk said he would send it right home inside of half an hour. In about four hours a package boy appeared with the garment, and the impatient lady exclaimed: "You boys are the greatest nuisance in town! I suppose you stopped to play marbles or hunt up a lost dog!" "Indeed I didn't," he replied, "I went up home to change hats, and ma she had to try on the jacket and parade before the glass. Then Katy put it on to make a call, and when she got back ma was determined to walk over on Woodward avenue to show it off, and I got here as quick as I could."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sir Robert Christison, in an address before the Edinburgh Botanical Society, expressed his thorough belief in the stimulating properties of the cocoa leaf. While feeling great fatigue during two ascents of Ben Voirdich he chewed some leaves and experienced almost immediate relief. Its use also enabled him to walk sixteen miles at a stretch—a pretty good jaunt for a man of 72.

The First Public Reading of the Declaration.

The Declaration was written by Jefferson, as he himself stated in a letter to Dr. Mease, in his lodging-house at the south-west corner of Market and Seventh streets. The house is still standing, and is occupied by a tailor, who shows his patriotism by calling his shop the "Temple of Liberty Clothing Store." The instrument was signed, as our readers know, in the east room of the State-house, on the lower floor. It appeared in the next day's paper (side by side with an advertisement of a negro child for sale, who had had measles and small-pox), but was not officially given to the people until noonday on the 8th of July, when it was read to a large concourse of people in the State-house yard by John Nixon, deputed to the task by the Sheriff of Philadelphia, who had received it from the committee. The stage on which the reader stood was a rough wooden platform on the line of the eastern walk, about half way between Fifth and Sixth streets. Deborah Legan, who lived in the neighborhood, states that she heard from the garden every word of the instrument read, and thought the voice was Charles Thompson's. In spite of all evidence in favor of Nixon, we choose to believe her. The Man of Truth should have first made known those words to humanity. Cheers rent the walkin, a *feu-de-joie* was fired, the chimes of Christ church rang through all the bright summer day, and the old bell gave at last to the world the message it had received a quarter of a century before, and proclaimed liberty to all the world.

The daily papers—little thin sheets a few inches square—give us for weeks afterward accounts of the rejoicing and wild enthusiasm of the other Provinces as the Declaration reached them. In New York one singular effect produced was that "a general jail delivery of all prisoners took place, in pursuance of the Declaration of Independence by the Hon. Congress."—REBECCA HARDING DAVIS, in *Harper's Magazine* for May.

A Pastoral Helper.

An official of one of the railroads, centering in Detroit, says M. Quad, was set by an old man for a railroad pass to Grand Rapids. The stranger entered the office with a big cane in his hand and a "woody" air. He looked as if he had entered town after an all-night's wrestle with a bad dirt road, and he had no sooner stood his cane up in the corner than he briskly inquired:

"Are you the free pass man?"

The official hesitated a little, and the stranger amended his query by asking:

"Would you give a preacher a pass to Grand Rapids?"

"Are you a preacher?"

"Kinder."

"You give me your word that you are a preacher, do you?"

"N—ot exactly," stammered the stranger, "I don't say I'm regularly ordained."

"We can give passes to clergymen occasionally, but we must know that they are active dispensers of the gospel."

"That hits me," cheerily replied the old man, rubbing his hands. "I calculate I dispense more gospel than any other man in Antrim county!"

But you just admitted that you weren't a preacher," said the official.

"Not a regular, Squire. I'm what you might call an assistant to regular preachers. I'm sexton of a church, I can lead at prayer-meeting, and I've started all the hymns that have been sang in Antrim county for five years past."

The official smiled faintly, and the stranger was encouraged to go on:

"I'm nearly a preacher. Folks send for me when they are dying. I keep order at camp-meetings, and if anybody's to be dragged out of the school-house for snapping beans during prayer-meeting, I'm the one who does the dragging."

"That's hardly being a regular preacher," replied the official.

"No, of course; but it's mighty close on to it. It's so near that I hate to walk to Grand Rapids. I'm on call, Judge. If our preacher should suddenly give out, I'd be the only man within fifteen miles who could stand behind his pulpit and take his place. They all knew it, and I'm respected accordingly. More'n half the people call me 'parson' or 'deacon,' and fellows who have got into a jaw about Daniel in the lion's den or Moses in the bull-rushes, have walked five miles to have me set 'em right."

The official made out a trip pass, and as the stranger returned thanks and picked up his cane, he added:

"I won't take up any more room than I can help, and I'll leave my satchel if you think the cars'll be loaded too heavy. You have lent this pass to me for you, where I hope some day to meet you, and tell you how good it felt to be rolling along in your cars after jogging for eighty-five miles on foot."

A gentleman in the city has a pair of pantaloons which were worn by one of his ancestors a hundred years ago. They are made of homespun cloth, except the seat, which is thick leather. It is inferred from this that the original owner was a book agent.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

What an Old Maid Thinks About It.

It does make me laugh, and I can't help it, to hear married people pity old maids, never thinking for one moment how an old maid might pity the married women.

Oh, no!

Poor soul, she hasn't any husband!

Poor dear, she hasn't any children!

It's so very, very sad.

Of course it is, poetically speaking!

But don't you ever pity a woman for not marrying until you are quite sure what sort of a man she hasn't married.

I've known a broken engagement or two that really were subjects of congratulation.

There isn't any other time when a woman feels so like feeling of her shoulder blades to see whether the wings have sprouted as when she has slipped the wrong man's ring off her finger and feels that she'll never bear the brunt of his hateful temper or put up with his neglect or grow old before her time because of his unfaithfulness—when she stands free and ready for the right man to come along.

I suppose a woman never feels quite certain that the right man would come along in all her life.

However, we're talking of old maids and the people who pity them.

It is all very well to get poetical over married life and set single women down as miserable creatures; but like most theories, the "thing won't wash."

If you get an adoring husband, ready to cherish and protect you while life lasts, you're certainly a happy woman; but how many do? One out fifty, perhaps.

It's a lottery with a few lucky numbers, and even an old maid doesn't bitterly envy a woman with a mean, or a quarrelsome, or a neglectful husband—a woman who is left alone with all her cares, a woman who is a slave, not a wife—nor even always all that falls to the lot of the best loved wife on earth.

There is peace and rest to live when one is one's own mistress, at all events. When I hear worn-out, worried matrons pitying single women I often feel like laughing, it is funny.—*Syracuse Courier.*

Lincoln at Gettysburg.

The question having been raised as to the precise wording of Mr. Lincoln's most eloquent utterance, his address at Gettysburg, the Boston Advertiser reprints the report made to Massachusetts by the commission representing that State and which was taken down in long hand by Mr. Charles Hale, one of the commissioners, as the words fell from Mr. Lincoln's lips. It is as follows:

"Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it to the final resting place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note, nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, to be dedicated, here to the unfinished work which they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be dedicated here to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we are here highly resolved that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

A Wife's Sympathy.

When John Adams had at length reached the goal of his honorable ambition, and had become President of the United States, Mrs. Adams wrote to him the following noble and truly wifely letter:

"You have this day," she wrote, "to declare yourself head of a nation. And now, O Lord, my God, Thou hast made Thy servant ruler over the people. Give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad. For who is able to judge this Thy so great a people? Were the words of a royal sovereign, and not less applicable to him who is invested with the chief-magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown nor the robes of royalty."

"My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to heaven are that 'things that make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes.' My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be able to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country,

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
PORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER STYLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APR. 20, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"Penny Wise and Pound Foolish."

It is usually said that figures don't lie. This is not always the case, for under the manipulations of a trickster they may be made to misrepresent matters. But there are instances where figures must of necessity utter facts which are self-evident beyond the possibility of a doubt. For example—a deaf-mute thinking to play a sharp game, pays a regular subscriber of the JOURNAL from fifty to seventy-five cents a year for the use of his paper after the latter has had his fresh reading to his own satisfaction. To this second-hand subscription now add the expense of postage thereon, which is one dollar and four cents a year at two cents per copy, and the cost of the second-hand JOURNAL proves to be from \$1.54 to 1.79 a year for the privilege of reading an old paper. The fact is thus clearly demonstrated that there is something actually saved by sending \$1.50 to us and getting the JOURNAL a year free of postage, as we pay the postage on all subscription papers ourselves, to say nothing of getting news fresh from the press. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

The April Annals.

The current number of the quarterly is very suggestive of the month in which it comes—storm and sunshine. We are treated to some of both.

A very readable article by Mr. A. G. Draper leads the papers and tells all concerned how they must course the instruction of the deaf-mute aspirant, to lead him straight to the College goal—the Freshman class. Those interested will do well to peruse it carefully.

President Gallandet's address at the Memorial service of the late Dr. Howe, and the extracts from a couple of poems that follow, are very interesting reading, as is also Prof. Talbot's "School-room Notes." We hope for the sake of the profession that his remarks and views on arithmetic teaching, are not altogether new. We know of one teacher, at least, who years ago, put us through a severe course of mental arithmetic, and though not profoundly grateful at the time, perhaps, we feel that his pupils will not suffer in the mathematical branch of their education wherever and whatever they may be.

The brief letter of President Gallandet on "The New Departure of the New York Institution" will place the gentleman on record in a light his friends will be pleased to see him. The "lamp of experience" it is too true, burns dimly in the quarter alluded to. "Tradition and Progress" are well nigh obsolete words there, and could the array of minds President Gallandet enumerates in speaking of the early days of the institution, have been present at the momentous hour, their collective influence would have chilled the first germ of the noxious seed, and never allowed it to bloom.

The last article and one which, by many will be read first, is a defence of the "New Departure" &c., by the Principal of the New York Institution. We will notice it separately.

We are pleased to see and to record that the prospects for Centennial representations of results of deaf-mute education, are much more cheering than the reports of a few months ago would lead us to believe.

The New Departure of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

BY ISAAC LEWIS PEET, LL. D., PRINCIPAL, IN AMERICAN ANNALS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB, VOL. XXI, NO. 2, PAGE 117.

The author begins by questioning the right of the *Annals* to publish anything reflecting upon the management of "a great benevolent or educational institution," meaning, thereby, the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

A search among the educational by-ways, and a dragging to the light of the strange creeds of some little establishment, by some witness or critic, in the pages of the distinguished organ of the profession, might raise a question of propriety in the mind of the head master of that school, thus rudely disturbed in its wonted groove; but of the doings of that institution which proclaims itself the "largest in the land," publicity in and out of the organs of the profession, is a tax it must forever pay upon existence,

The brief foot note of the editor of the quarterly, filling the only available space, after the insertion of the very late received last article, proclaims a knowledge of the ground on which he stands, and an implied assurance that the criticism alluded to is not, in his mind, "in very bad taste." This is not a country of gag laws; free speech is universal. If there exist no precedent for the criticism of the management of an institution, when such management directly affects the educational interests of the deaf and dumb, the very interests the *Annals* represents, then it is time one was established.

The very fact of this protest to publicity, made at the outset, at the outset prejudices the reader, and renders him skeptical of what is to come. A work that requires covering up, that cannot stand or rather objects to the fire of criticism, is a work that lessens in the estimation of mankind in proportion to the amount of light withheld.

The elements of the "New Departure" have been repeated often enough; in brief it is a system by which one teacher teaches two classes, each class four hours each school day—four hours to one class in the morning, four hours to another class in the afternoon, and when the pupils of one class are not in the school-room, they are employed in the workshops of the institution. Each teacher thus teaches eight hours each day, his classes are large and he is supposed to do the work end in and end out as well as could be done by two teachers with one class to each, teaching four each, for we are not kindly reminded that it makes no difference in the product whether we multiply 8 by 2 or 16 by 1. We, however, claim no diploma from the school in which such logic as this is taught.

As a mere side issue of the merits of hearing and deaf-mute instructors, we are pleased to read the encomiums pronounced upon the semi-mute and deaf-mute teachers of the corps, and wonder if the paragraph in this connection is not a recommendation of sufficient weight to induce a revision of the salary scale of the institution, by which this class of instructors will receive something like a recognition of their worth, and not, as now, have their maximum end where the minimum of the others begins.

On the question of mechanical instruction, it is well to be assured that the amount of time so employed has neither been increased nor diminished by the change.

Of the value of such instruction opinions differ. The arguments made and again addressed in its favor, mostly arguments of theory, are hardly more forcible than the experience of the deaf-mute graduate himself. What proportion of graduates follow, in after life, the trades in which they were instructed at school? And of this proportion how many find their knowledge of shop work as acquired at the institution, of sufficient value for a fair beginning? And why "in these days of trades unions" is it more difficult for a deaf-mute to obtain the advantages of mechanical culture than any one else? We take it to be a standing law of these unions that no one can consider himself admissible, a candidate even, until he has mastered the particular art to a certain degree. And the chances of reaching this degree, are less in the workshops of the institution than "almost anywhere else."

In this connection, there is a passage in the last published institution report, or if not there, it was in a number of the *Annals* of some date following the opening of the experiment and the "new departure" to wit: that by a system of rotation the morning class of one week is the afternoon class of the next week. Whether this was an element of the original plan, or an afterthought, we are not prepared to say; but it is evident that its introduction is a simple obedience to the plain truth that the afternoon session in the school-room is never so good as that of the forenoon. One class taught on consecutive afternoons must necessarily suffer for the deficiency on the part of the teacher, whose best energies have, and very properly, gone to enrich the minds of the morning class. To inflict a standing loss on the afternoon pupils would never do; hence the alleviation secured by the rotation, on the principle, perhaps, that loss distributed over more surface is less keenly perceptible.

The personal experience of the writer enters a good deal into his article. Why not make it conclusive of the worth or absurdity of the system? According to him, in the days of his pedagogueship, when he was engaged for the same number of hours day after day, the time seemed only too short. "The grid did not by any means exhaust what was in the hopper." Where, then, is the apology or defense of the plan that gives each pupil only four hours of instruction, where he had originally had five? Were this lost hour made up in the workshop, we would have some plausible explanation; but we are emphatically informed that the hours of mechanical instruction have not been increased. Where, then, does it go? To the observation of the conditions of health? The health of the institution, it is notorious, has never been so bad as since the "new departure."

Under certain circumstances men catch at straws. In reviewing the results of the first year of the "new departure," the institution report, soon to be published, "will contain the remarkable commentary upon the effect of the increased hours of labor upon the permanency of the connection of the teachers with the institution, that for the first time in twelve years no changes in the personnel of the corps of instructors have been recorded." An equally "remarkable commentary" is the fact in the last annual report, that upon the commencement of the new system, there were fourteen changes in the personnel. The fifty-eighth annual report will contain something even more remarkable.

The "comparative smoothness and equableness arising from a reduced corps of instructors" does not, we are told, allude to the case of *managing them*. It does mean, so the information runs, that it is "easier for the principal to impress

his own views upon, and to bring into accord and thorough sympathy with their work, sixteen, than it had been thirty different minds."

Well, if this is not *managing them*, what is it?

Any one familiar with the reports of the institution for the last few years, can hardly escape the conclusion that there is something "unwieldy" about the establishment.

For fifty years one executive head had been found sufficient. Then unwieldiness became apparent and the remedy was sought in the creation of a new department and the appointment of an additional head. Time rolled on, the finances were not in a satisfactory condition, and a new remedy was sought in the present "new departure," for in the announcement of the change the reason given was that it would result in a great monetary saving, without effects detrimental to the interests of the institution. Enough pillars for its support have since sprung up. But the disproof of the charge of unwieldiness, by the assertion that "our numerous pupils have all been well cared for," &c., will hardly hold in view of the fact that these very pupils have all been so well cared for that hospital accommodations were required for some eight of them during the present term, that some of them never went out alive, and that a post-holiday vacation of a month was a necessity and an imperative fact.

We have been under the delusion that the Committee on Examination, in years past, had always made "most favorable" reports. It was reserved, it seems, for the Committee on the last examination to make "a (not the) most favorable report," and thus stamp the "new departure" with an impression of success.

From the tone of the paragraph referring to the probable New Jersey Institution, and the actual one and probable other in this State, it looks as if the writer would hail the abridgment of the classes, whose numbers he now upholds, and the consequent diminution in the unwieldiness of the institution, a fact he now denies. For the good of the deaf-mutes themselves, we hope his hopes will come true.

If the directors of other institutions shall be induced by the publicity of the discussion in the *Annals* to attempt an imitation of this "new departure," we are quite sure that there are wiser heads in the executive chair of those institutions, on whom it is safe to rely to avert such a result. It is a poor compliment the writer pays the directors of his own institution, when he hints at the dogged resistance on their part to any revision of system, now that the matter has been "publicly sprung upon them." Few who are discussing the question care to induce the institution to go back to first principles; they are protesting for the good of others, and are content to leave the institution to its glory or its ruin.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

REV. DR. RANKINE, of the Memorial Church, Geneva, N. Y., has recently received from the studio of an artist townsman, Mr. F. M. TUTTLE, a large and elegant oil painting, entitled *Romeo and Mercutio*, with which we are informed he is much pleased, and for which he is very grateful. The picture is finely executed, and is mounted in a handsome gilt frame.

MRS. GRACE J. CHANDLER, and Miss H. A. AVERY, of this place, after having spent about five weeks with their friends at Rome, N. Y., returned home last Tuesday evening. They spent the time in visiting very pleasantly among their friends.

We are, says the *Geneva Gazette*, informed that Mr. F. M. TUTTLE's studio now contains several new and very fine portraits of well known citizens that will bear the closest inspection and must elicit unstinted praise as faithful likenesses and for artistic coloring. Mr. TUTTLE's genius as an artist is well established; he has a valid claim to public favor on the just merits of his work. Visitors are cordially welcomed to his studio, and in fact discerning and appreciative critics are especially invited to examine his paintings, with a view if pleased therewith to favor him with orders.

A Port Plain subscriber to the JOURNAL in renewing his subscription says: "I acknowledge the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is the best deaf-mute paper in the United States."

On the afternoon of Thursday last a number of thoughtless lads undertook to snowball a deaf and dumb man, named Johnson, whilst he was passing along Elizabeth street by Mary street. He chased one of the scamps, and finding he could not catch him, he threw a heavy board at him and knocked him down. The lad's mother then came out and poured forth a volley of abuse on Johnson, who, of course, didn't hear it, and so walked quietly away. The lad was in no wise injured by the blow from the board.

—Barrie Paper.

Mayor Poucher, of Oswego, on Friday last, sent the following telegram to the Mayor of Portland, Me.: "The first train has just passed over the new railroad bridge across the Oswego river, and the rails of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad Company now extend from Potsdam Junction and Ogdensburg to the Niagara river, thus completing the chain from Portland to Niagara. On behalf of the citizens of Oswego, I congratulate the citizens of Portland upon the completion of this enterprise, which, it is hoped, will materially increase the prosperity of both cities, and bring their inhabitants into close relationship in the future."

—John Lyons, of Redfield, has a pistol bearing the date of 1719.

Terrible Fate of an Accomplished Semi-Mute Journalist.

A WARNING TO DEAF-MUTES!

For several years past the Montreal *Daily Witness* has been most ably managed by an accomplished semi-mute, named George Young, formerly connected with the Edinburgh Deaf-mute Association and a law clerk in the Government office in that city. His only failing, and a sad one at best, was a love for strong drink, which has brought him to a violent and frightfully sudden death, which took place at his residence near Montreal, on Wednesday, April 6th, 1876. The first report of the affair appeared in the *Daily Witness* during the same day, and is as follows:

On Thursday information was received from St. Lambert that Mr. George Young, a member of the editorial staff of the *Witness*, was found lying dead in his house. The deceased was possessed of considerable talent, but unfortunately had contracted a love for liquor, which grew upon him despite the repeated efforts of the proprietors of this journal to reform him, and break the power of a habit which was making the lives of himself and family miserable. To this end he had been induced to reside at St. Lambert, away from the temptations of the city, and various schemes were devised to aid him in keeping his fresh resolves. However, he fell repeatedly, and on last Friday was again absent from his duty, since which time he had not put in an appearance at the office. Wednesday night he reached home by train, met his wife and son, and with them went to his house, where it seems he had some words with his wife over the disappearance of his watch, which was either lost or stolen. His son, an intelligent boy 10 years of age, says that he and his mother (who is deaf and dumb) retired to rest. During the night Mrs. Young got up, and the son afterward heard a noise as if his parents were quarreling; he again went to sleep, and was awakened this morning by the knocking of the milkman. He arose, leaving his mother in bed, and, on going down stairs, stumbled over the body of his father, who was lying at the foot. At first he supposed his father was sleeping in that position, but his mother having been aroused, they discovered that he was dead. It is surmised that he may have fallen down the stairs while in an intoxicated condition and received fatal internal injuries, or may have been suddenly cut off by an apoplectic stroke or congestion of the brain, he being corpulent and of full habit. The neighbors were not apprised of the sad event for some time after the discovery of deceased's body, his wife apparently feeling disinclined to make the matter public. The Coroner was notified, and will hold an inquest.

Mr. Young had contracted intemperate habits long before he came to the *Witness* Office, and what was considered strange by those who were acquainted with his former career, was that he left off drinking to all appearance for nearly a year after entering this establishment as a proof-reader. Since that time he has been imbibing, notwithstanding that every effort possible to reclaim him had been made. He expressed a wish about a year ago to get his wife out of the city, as she was also in the habit of partaking of intoxicating drink. Accordingly arrangements were made to locate him in St. Lambert, and the foreman (Mr. Beatty) took him in charge. The proprietors of the *Witness* placed a horse and sleigh at his disposal, and he was conveyed back and forward during the winter months from and to his work; at all times being accompanied by one or more of his fellow employees, who felt a deep interest in his welfare, and who often inconvenienced themselves by spending the night away from their homes in order to keep him out of temptation. The result of this assiduous care was that the deceased refrained entirely from the use of intoxicating liquor for about four months, and strong hopes were entertained that he had effectually crushed out the appetite; but temptation again presented itself and his good resolutions were overcome, since which time he has repeatedly lost control of himself, despite the continued efforts made by his friends to reclaim him. As a last resort, arrangements were this week being made to have him admitted to the St. George's Church Temperance Home, and search had been made to secure him and induce him to enter it. However, the deceased apparently kept himself out of the way of his friends, and with too great success, as has proved the case.

CORONER'S INQUEST.
The inquest on the body of George Young, late of the *Witness* Office, was held last evening in the house of the deceased by Coroner Jones.

The first witness was Dr. EDWARD KENNY PATTON, who testified that there were no marks of violence on deceased, and no external evidence to show the cause of death, except that the head appeared a little freer than usual. From this he inferred that the neck had been broken. From the position of the body when found at the bottom of the stairs he was inclined to believe that the fall was sufficient to cause the neck to be broken. There was nothing to lead him to believe that deceased had been strangled before he fell.

GEORGE YOUNG, aged ten years, testified that deceased was his father. On Wednesday night he and his mother went to the station to go to Montreal to get a policeman to look after his father's watch, which his mother said had been stolen. At the station they found his father coming from the cars. He was tipsy. He walked home with them, and was going to sleep in his chair, when witness's mother told him to go up stairs to bed. He walked up stairs, and witness and

his mother followed almost immediately and found him in bed asleep. He was undressed. Witness and his mother also got in the same bed. The former fell asleep at once, and, waking up in the night, heard his mother scream and clap her hands, as when talking in an adjoining room. His father was there also. His mother is deaf and dumb; did not hear his father's speech; heard nothing at first; went to sleep again and did not know what took place in the night; did not think his father took any drink after he came home; did not know if any liquor had been drunk in the house that night, and did not see his mother drink any. She had a bottle of liquor which she finished in the morning. She was a little tipsy that night. When he got out of bed his mother was in it. He told her that the milkman was at the door, and she sent him for the milk. On coming down stairs he found his father at the foot covered with a blanket, a pillow at the side of his head, and thought he was asleep. He went upstairs after this, and when his mother got up, came down stairs with her. His mother on seeing his father, went to wake him, but, on touching him, found him so cold that she knew he was dead. She told witness to go and get one of the neighbors, and he went to Mrs. Jackson's, but no one was there except a little boy, and he left word to send his mother to them when she came home. "He went to no one else. His father did not have his comforter on when he came home that night, and witness did not know who tied it on the stairs. He first saw it hanging there when he came down stairs the second time."

TO THE JURORS.—His mother asked him to go for liquor the night his father came home, and he brought her a bottle of rye. He got it at Mr. Irving's. Mr. Irving did not ask who it was for. Witness paid for it. He was never refused liquor at Irving's; got it every time he asked for it. Sometimes he refused to go for it; that was when he thought his mother had enough. He tried not to go on Wednesday. His mother asked him to go yesterday, but he refused, and she then asked George Jackson, a little boy, to go. He replied that he was not allowed to. When his mother came down stairs in the morning she took the bottle of liquor out of the cupboard; there was but little in it. He did not know if his father took any liquor on Wednesday night or not.

ANN CAMERON, wife of deceased, was the next witness. She being deaf and dumb, was communicated with in writing. By her answers she appeared to be a well-educated woman and very intelligent. She testified that on Wednesday night she went to bed shortly after her husband. On waking up some time after, she missed him, and went to look for him to bring him back to bed. She went down stairs and, seeing him there, tried to wake him—believing that he was asleep. She could not wake him and covered him with a blanket and tried to put a pillow under his head, but could not move it, she saw part of his comforter lying loose on his neck; she saw the other part of the scarf hanging from the stairs, and suspected that he had attempted suicide. He had attempted it on one occasion by hanging, but she saved him; at that time he had taken drink, but was sensible; he was vexed about his place; he had several times been notified by Mr. Dougall that he would lose his place if he did not give up drinking; on Wednesday night she did not drink with her husband; he had been addicted to drink for many years; there was no one in the house on Wednesday night but her husband, son and herself.

During the course of the inquest Mr. Fitzgibbon, a juror, stated that he saw deceased alight from the train on Wednesday night, and did not notice any signs of intoxication on him.

The jury, deciding that no other witnesses were required, brought in the following verdict: "That the deceased came to his death in an accidental manner by falling down the stairs to the floor of his house."

The publisher of the *Daily Witness* publishes the following eulogy on the deceased, which we are assured is far from being overdrawn:

George Young, whose terrible end shocks everyone to-day, had filled a place on this paper for seven years, rising from the position of proof-reader to that of office editor, a place for which his great talents, good judgment and very extensive information made him singularly competent. In early boyhood he lost his hearing, so that, although he afterwards became familiar with the modern classics of several languages, he spoke through life the rough broad Scotch with which his childhood had been surrounded. His composition, although lacking in finish, was very rapid and forcible, and his acumen as a reasoner was of the highest order. His devotion to the service in which he was in was absorbing, and his juniors in the office remember with gratitude his solicitous efforts to improve them in their profession, and the usefulness of his suggestions for their guidance. His physical strength must have been naturally enormous. In Scotland he contracted a marriage with a deaf and dumb woman, whose failings being similar to his own formed one great obstacle to all his efforts at reform, which at times seemed to be heroic.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. YOUNG.

The funeral of the late Mr. George Young was held this morning, April 8th. Prior to his remains being removed from his residence at St. Lambert, Rev. Mr. Shaw held a service, and offered up prayer, asking that Divine aid might be vouchsafed to the young son of deceased, whose life commenced under such mournful auspices. The remains were then brought to the Bonaventure Depot in charge of Mr. Beatty by the morning express, where they were met by the Editor of the *Witness*, Mr. J. R. McDougall, a large number of the employees, Messrs. A. Perry, Howley, J. Thomson, J. W. Thompson, Principal Wild, of Protestant Institution for Deaf-mutes, Alex. Ogilvie, a deaf-mute friend of deceased, and other friends of deceased to the number of about 200. The funeral procession went its way to St. Andrew's Church, with which the deceased was connected, and where Rev. Gavin Lang conducted an impressive service. At the close of the prayer he said it was not customary

ary in the Church of Scotland to indulge in any remarks regarding the deceased, but the death of their friend seemed a special call to them to prepare for that change which must sooner or later take place with all. It reminded them that their time was short and life very frail. He would not speak in regard to the life or death of their departed friend, for he supposed the particulars regarding both were sufficiently known, but he would point to the great ability and activity of the deceased, and try to bring home to them the thought that they ought to seek to hallow their talents to the service of God, and to mourn that the abilities of their departed friend had not been longer spared to this world. The true way of living was to do what they had to do with all their might, and with a single eye to the glory of God. Many of them would miss their friend; it was only three or four Sundays ago since he had sat in his pew, and as he, Mr. Lang, looked at him, he thought what a pillar of strength he seemed to be, and yet there he was laid low in death. Time was indeed short, and life uncertain; no one knew when his turn might be to be laid in the tomb, but when it did, might it find that one ready and prepared to die with his friends, which was far better. There was a future life revealed to them which would not be corrupted by death, but was one of everlasting happiness; might they all enter into the Kingdom of God. At the close of the service, the procession reformed and proceeded to the Mount Royal Cemetery, where the remains were deposited in the vault.

The deceased was deservedly held in high esteem by his associates for many good qualities, and his loss will, by them, not be easily forgotten. [Elsewhere will be found a report of a sermon preached by Principal Wild, touching the above circumstance, which we advise all our readers to carefully peruse, and take warning of the dangers of strong drink.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

A Few Reflections Concerning the "Big Show"—Something about Sentimental Patriotism—Philadelphia Peculiarities and other Generalities—A Little "True Inwardness" Relating to the Congressional Appropriation—The "Heathen Chinese" at the Exhibition.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, April 17, 1876.
It has been said that the Americans as a people are lacking in that spirit of "sentimental patriotism" so characteristic of many other nationalities, that the thrifty inhabitants of Uncle Sam's domain in his hot pursuit of the "almighty dollar" has no time to foster and promote the sentiments that first found expression in the lines,

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty."

Some vengeful satirists have sought to drive home conviction upon this point by a comparison of national songs, making sorry contrast of the lively air of "Yankee Doodle" with the soul-stirring notes of the "Marseillaise" and the "Wacht am Rhine." And the true American wonders why his people are so slandered; for notwithstanding the cosmopolitan character of our population it is a slander.

But we are not fairly into the Centennial year, and the spirit of '76 is a good deal to the front. American patriotism may be a little peculiar as to its methods, but there isn't much doubt as to the quality and quantity of it. If the majestic old eagle don't do some tall screaming between this and the fifth day of July it will be a wonder. I venture to say that no other nation on the earth has a higher reverence for "the fathers" and their utterances, or a more profound respect for its organic law. Certainly no other nation ever celebrated its one hundredth birthday on a more magnificent scale, or induced so many other governments to take an active part in the festivities of the occasion, so to speak. Even John Bull—bless his good-natured old soul—buried in the sea of oblivion all remembrance of that little affair one hundred years ago, wherein he was so beautifully thrashed by his obstreperous progeny, and joins in the jollification of the boys who scattered his tea so promiscuously about Boston harbor. Possibly the old fellow may experience a few pang of regret when he contemplates what a proud and profitable part of his kingdom was then lost, but

"A pebble in the streamlet's seat
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the infant plant
Has warped the giant oak forever."

And Mr. Bull, as he reflects upon what might have been, can only wish that he had sooner learned that it is not always wise to rule with an iron rod.

Arrangements for the "big show" are going vigorously forward, and here one sees all the bustle of preparation. Philadelphia is completely absorbed in it. Matters not pertaining to the "Centennial" attract but momentary attention from the denizens of this "Quaker settlement" which has sprung up around old Independence Hall and its cracked bell. And these people have proved their faith by their works, for they have put their hands in their pockets to the extent of more than a million and a half of dollars, and exercised their winsome blandishments upon Congress in a way that brought an equal sum, even in the face of "hard times," and the general tendency to retrenchment and economy. I am not a Philadelphian and never expect to be, but somehow there is a quaint, substantial air about the place and people that makes me like it. There is neatness, order, and method, with no lack of energy and public spirit. There is no ostentatious display of wealth, though everybody knows that it is here. I think the excitement and dissipations of fashionable life are comparatively unknown here; at least they do not exist as we find them in Washington, New York, and even Chicago. The Quaker element keeps down that diseased fungus that foists itself upon society and crops out into the Bellknaps and Tweeds. Yet I will not carry the parallel so far as to touch Philadelphia politics. I fear it would mar the recital, and in this respect the Quaker City is scarcely better than its neighbors. The splendid system of building associations so much in vogue here is, however, worthy of mention, as its results are witnessed in the comfortable situation of mechanics and others of the middle classes, who are better housed in Philadelphia than anywhere else in the world. Nearly every one has a home of his own.

As an exposition of the progress in the arts and sciences, inventions, and every

conceivable industry, the Centennial exhibition will outstrip everything the world has seen before, as the following comparison of buildings, etc., shows:

	Cost of	Me-
		h's.
Where held.	Acres.	bu'ds.
London, 1851	20	\$1,464,000
New York, 1853	32	600,000
Paris, 1855	30	4,000,000
London, 1862	24	2,300,000
Paris, 1867	404	4,596,763
Vienna, 1873	50	9,850,000
Philadelphia, 1876	75	6,724,850

The number of visitors and exhibitors for the coming Exposition is, of course, estimated, and it remains to be seen how much the prevailing "hard times" modifies these calculations. If all the anticipations of our delighted bonifaces and expectant t-demen are realized they will be happy, and it will be one more instance wherein "Bobby" Burns' lines about "The best laid plans of mice and men" do not apply. Not a village or hamlet in all the land will be without representation here to see and rejoice.

No fairer spot on earth could have been found for the purpose, and viewed from George's Hill—a commanding elevation in Fairmount Park—the rising, accumulating buildings of the Exhibition appear with their diversified architecture, gay colors, and glittering trophies, in the sunshine, like a new city of fairyland. The majestic long roof-lines of the main building and the machinery building, the colossal statues on the dome and roof of Memorial Hall, and the granite eagles hovering over its pavilions; the Gothic arches of the Agricultural Building—its roof of unpainted tin flashing even stronger lustre than the crystal shield of the beautiful mauresque Horticultural Conservatory a little further away—these, together with the numerous other buildings completed and in every stage of erection by workmen whose tools and hammers make a gentle, distant din, compose a scene that when the leaves of the intervening trees grow out in May will have no counterpart in any traveler's memory. It was in this bright, airy, and graceful Horticultural Hall, with its arched roof, and beautiful colors, that the famous "Congressional spree," on the 18th of December last, culminated in a grand banquet. In this enticing place, Congress, the Supreme Court, and the President and Cabinet, together with numerous representatives of the "third estate," sat down together and drank Philadelphia wine. This said to be the shrewdest device by which the Government appropriation was carried, but I do not believe it. Many Congressmen who enjoyed the goodies of that occasion voted no on the bill, even at the risk of having their patriotism questioned. I was in Washington while the matter was pending, and know that it was not lack of patriotism which caused those adverse votes. It was the overpowering triumph of that very sentimental patriotism that carried the measures against other powerful influences and considerations. Dissatisfaction has been expressed that the affair is in the hands of a corporation, and some greedy speculators whose object is gain—to make a few private fortunes. I think this is simply croaking, but promise to inquire into them and watch them, and tell you more about them in my next.

For full descriptions of the buildings, and what is to be seen and done; the details of rules, regulations, and unique things to transpire in connection with the Centennial; the opening May 10th, and the 4th of July Jubilee, etc., I must employ future letters. There are many interesting things to write about, but this letter already exceeds the space reasonably belonging to it. I have rambled around and talked a good deal without saying anything. Some of the funniest things I have observed are those curious Japs and the "heathen Chinese." Ah Sin and Ching-chow-hi will be at the Centennial.

A New Art.

A new method of ornamenting has recently been introduced to the public called "Decalcomanie," or Transfer Pictures. It consists of instantly transferring pictures which have been printed on paper in colors, to any article one may wish to ornament. A large class of the designs, such as Flower and Fruit pieces, Autumn Leaves, Moss Rose-buds, Ferns, Vines, Antique Heads, Cupids, Emblems, Medallions, Landscapes, Animal Scenes, &c., are particularly sought after by ladies for ornamenting furniture, work-boxes, vases, lamp shades, flower pots, and articles of china, glass, wood, silk, ivory, marble, plated ware, tinware, leather, &c.

These pictures are designed by the most skillful European artists, and are printed on prepared paper in many colors and various designs; they may be instantly transferred to any article, so as to imitate the most beautiful painting. The directions for transferring are very plain, and the art is easily acquired, so that one may become an expert, even after a few hours' practice.

By this process the cheapest articles are frequently ornamented with bits of landscape or floral decoration that could not be painted by hand without increasing the value of the article. The manufacturers of these pictures, Messrs. J. I. Patten & Co., 162 William Street, New York, will send, post-paid, a book of 24 pages, giving full instructions in this delightful art, complete catalogue, and ten specimen pictures, on receipt of ten cents.

The following resolution was passed at the late session of the New York State Teachers' Association: "That we recommend that one day of each autumn and spring be kept as 'tree day,' and that on that day, when it shall be possible, all of our schools plant shade trees upon the school green."

—Miss Laffer and Miss Betts have just returned from a prolonged sojourn with friends in Oswego county. It is said the young men's hearts went pit-a-pat much swifter than Aunt Huldah's shuttle when they popped the question and offered to become theirs for better or worse, and no direct answer did they get. —Adams Herald.

Indiana Notes.

The farmers are rejoicing over what they feel to be a fact that the weather which has been for several weeks very wet and disagreeable, has finally become permanently settled. They have been ready and waiting for a long time for favorable weather to plow their land and sow their spring crops. Your correspondent met a new acquaintance a few days ago, who informed him that to-morrow it would begin to rain again and that there would be another long spell of wet weather. Upon questioning her as to the indications pointing to such predictions, her reply was simply, "whirlwinds." When he met her the next morning at the breakfast table, the sun was shining most beautifully and pleasantly on all things below, and receiving a negative reply, called for an umbrella, saying that it was raining very hard. She appreciated the joke and replied that in other places she could make reliable predictions in regard to the weather, but that in Indianapolis it was impossible to do so.

Mrs. Alice Hanson, sister of Mrs. J. S. Brown, first superintendent of this Institution and the founder and first superintendent of the Louisiana Institution, and sister of Prof. P. Park, of the Ohio Institution, has come back again to see her friends here. She is stopping at Mrs. S. J. Vail's. She was once the sole proprietor of the beautiful mansion where Mrs. Vail now resides. Had she held possession of it a little longer she would now have been worth a quarter of a million. When all the buildings and improvements are completed, it will be one of the most beautiful and attractive places in the city, but she says it is of no use to cry over spilled milk. Mrs. Vail's friends in Madison are coming to see it after it is finished. John R. McKim, her brother, would also like to come, but his business will not permit it. He thinks of going to the Centennial in company with his sister Belle and others, next August, when there will be a little slacking up in his business. He has just entered his bachelorhood, but he is not, probably, incorrigible on that point, nor his sister either, according to my estimation.

The deaf-mute friends of this Institution, and of Mr. Thos. MacIntire, have been writing for information in regard to the libel suit. I have often referred them to the columns of the JOURNAL for reliable information respecting any thing that they would like to learn from this quarter and vicinity. If they would all subscribe for that paper, they would save much trouble and expense in procuring news from their Alma Mater.

Everything at the Institution is progressing finely.

Another Institution paper called the *Gopher* has made its appearance on the table of our reading room. Whether it is a burrowing animal, or a sample of the wood used in the construction of Noah's big boat, I am not informed. If the latter it must have been brought here by the freshets caused by our recent long rain, but if it is the former it must be that the ground is frozen so deep and hard in Minnesota, that it has emigrated here to find a place of softer burrowing. Jumping and frog-leaping have played out here, and the bat and ball have been substituted for them by the large boys, and there may sometimes be seen in the yards of the play grounds from twenty to thirty squads of small boys shooting marbles. Velocipeding, which was for a long time a favorite amusement among the boys, has been entirely superseded by other amusements.

The libel suit was transferred again from Hamilton county to Morgan county, and soon after, the Court-house was partly destroyed by fire, which will cause quite a delay in trying the case.

Our deaf-mute friends will be pleased to learn that there is a stage line now running from the Bates Hotel to the gate of the Institution, a distance of 1½ miles, which is a matter of much convenience. The fare is five cents. Formerly the only public conveyance was by a hack or coach at an expense of two dollars.

CORRESPONDENT.

Indianapolis, Ind., April 3, 1876.

SECOND LETTER.

This morning we were startled at the sad intelligence of the sudden and unexpected death of Henry C. Littell, a deaf-mute about thirty years of age, who was run over by the cars near Jeffersonville, Ind. Both of his legs were cut off above the knees. He survived for some time after the accident, suffering great agony. The day before the accident he was in this city, and Mr. MacIntire, the Superintendent of the Institution, happened to meet him on the streets as he was very pleasant conversation with him, as he always does when he meets any of the graduates of the Institution. It is Mr. MacIntire's habit of asking them many questions in regard to their way of obtaining a living, their business, and religious prospects when he has not time to have a long conversation. He says he learned from Mr. Littell that he had been working on a farm with a well-to-do farmer for a number of years, and was still working for him. He had just come out to see the city which he had not visited for many years. He said he came in the cars free of charge, but on being questioned how he did it, he replied that he acted as a brakeman which paid for his ride. Mr. MacIntire protested against his following the business, as it is very dangerous employment for a deaf and dumb man, but he seemed to think he was too smart to get hurt and continued to work at the business. Poor man! the next day when he got home he saw his mistake, but it was too late. Mr. MacIntire learned that he entertained some good religious views, but whether they were sufficient to warrant his salvation he cannot tell.

[We respectfully call upon our correspondent to rise and explain one thing for our information and the benefit of our readers. We would like to be in-

formed how a railroad company came to employ a deaf and dumb man for a brakeman. And we would, furthermore, like to know how he could hear and understand the signals for working the brakes, and also how he would be prepared to understandingly and quickly communicate in language with passengers and the train hands. Perhaps our "upper story" is a little out of level, but for the present we freely confess our ignorance on this part of the subject.—Ed.]

Our friend Miss M. S. C. Belches has been here to visit her old friends in the city. She has a host of them here and elsewhere besides. She was one of the first graduates of this Institution, was one of its brightest pupils, and is now one of Indiana's most learned deaf-mutes. She is a very remarkable lady, and in point of character, intelligence and morals she ranks among the highest, possesses a strong mind, and has written many very interesting and instructive articles for all kinds of papers. She wrote an address to the Indiana Legislature in 1850, and read it to that body, and at the same time it was translated in oral language by Mr. J. B. Brown, the first Principal of this Institution. It was a valuable document, abounding in suggestions for maintaining a good school for the deaf and dumb. The address was published in book form, a copy of which is now in the State Library, and I learn that there is one in every Legislative capital in the United States. I will write further on this subject in my next correspondence. Miss Belches lives with her blind sister, about twenty miles from here, and frequently visits the city. When she was here the last time she spoke of an article which she had written for the Indianapolis Journal some years ago, and said she had hunted the house all over for the original copy, but failed to find it. Your correspondent informed her that he had read it at the time and remembered it sufficiently well to reproduce a copy of it nearly or quite verbatim, and volunteered his services for that purpose.

[His reproduction of the article referred to, called the "Sun-bonnet's Complaint," will appear in next week's paper.—Ed.]

There are a number of Latin scholars here—they are candidates for College. Mr. James Sanson, or Little Jimmy, as he is called here, is quite a proficient in that dead language, and employs it quite often in his tricks which he plays on his fellow-colleagues. The other day he and one of his colleagues who had returned to school from his home, were sitting in the shoe shop conversing, when he heard, or rather felt, something rapping on the door. Upon rising to open it, he found it was another colleague. After each had exchanged a few words in Latin, Little Jimmy asked him if he knew Satan, to which he replied, to the great glee of his colleagues, "I am from Indiana."

[We will explain to our readers that it is naturally supposed that every native born "Hoosier" is personally acquainted with his satanic majesty.—Ed.] Your correspondent had a long letter from Mr. Archibald, a graduate of '75. He has made up his mind to follow agricultural business on his farm.

A large number of deaf-mutes from Indiana are going to the Centennial. A couple of deaf-mute teachers from here are going there, and will engage Dr. Galaudet to unite them in marriage. The happy couple will no doubt enjoy the Centennial. We wish them God speed.

A CORRESPONDENT.

Indianapolis, April 11, 1876.

Address to Deaf-mutes on the Death of the late George Young.

The following feeling address was delivered in the Protestant Institution for Deaf-mutes, Montreal, on Sunday last, April 9th, by Principal Widd, and reported by C. W. Butt, one of the pupils of the Institution:

MR. WIDD based his discourse on Luke, Chapt. XXI, verse 34: "Take heed to yourselves lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares." He said that these were the words of Jesus, the Saviour of the world, and they apply very painfully and truly to the case of our departed friend, who was yesterday borne to the cemetery. The verse describes his failing completely, and we all know how suddenly he was called to his account; and truly that awful day came upon him "unawares." When I opened my Bible my attention was attracted to the above verse, and it seems to me as if providence had directed my eye to it, and set it before me, to warn all of you of the consequences of intoxicating liquors. My dear friends, let us now carefully study the verse and apply its teaching to our hearts, and try to remember it all the days of our lives and be warned of the fearful end to which hundreds are brought by drink. The first part of the sentence is plain enough for any of us to understand; it simply tells us to take warning, take heed, be careful and to watch. Why should we do so? Simply, lest at any time our hearts be overcharged, that is, too full "with surfeiting, too much eating and drinking;" "drunkenness and the cares of this life;" "and so that day come upon you unawares," the day of judgment. When Jesus uttered these terrible warnings, the Jews then only used wine as a beverage, and not the poisons sold in our taverns. They had no distilled spirits, and if they became intoxicated it was from excessive indulgence in strong wine, and drinks made of a mixture of dates, honey, &c. So the temptations to drink then were small, compared to what they are now, and lastly taverns were not licensed to sell poisonous stuff as beverages, as they are in our time. We all know that our law makers and rulers do not hesitate to license and protect men who place temptations in our way, and sell the vilest compounds

as drinks, that destroy both body and soul. These compounds create an unnatural appetite, which is impossible to satisfy. The appetite of the drunkard is continually raging within him, and he will risk honor, health, life, and even his soul to satisfy his cravings. Only think of it! Oh! it is terrible, and I implore you to take warning and never touch intoxicating liquor. Great calamities come suddenly, and in our friend's case it came too suddenly, and left him not a moment to make his peace with God. We all know how kind he was in giving us the benefit of his experience and advice, and how he was ever ready and willing to assist his fellow men, and we miss him very much. We all felt the loss of one of our schoolmates last September; but we know he died in Jesus, and that comforts us. His death is a warning to young people to be prepared, for we know not when our time will come. The death of our late friend is also a great warning to us, but it would, however, have been less grief to us if we could have had the satisfaction of knowing that he had time to repent, or even to say so much as the thief said to Him while they were on the cross; but even this satisfaction is denied us, and the Scripture must be fulfilled. We must continue to expect great and sudden calamities in this world, and take heed of the warnings which they give. We should never think of feeling secure and satisfied with this life, and the good things which it furnishes. Nor are we to suffer ourselves to be drawn into the fashions of the world, or conform to its customs; nor to partake of its feasts and licentiousness, for if we do these calamities will come upon us when we least expect them. How many, alas, who bear the Christian name, have forgotten this caution of the Saviour, and live as if their lives were secure, as if they feared no death, and no judgment! I will remind you that we must die. You are aware of this and should be prepared for the coming of the Lord. We are no more proof against temptations than our lamented friend was. We are weak and cannot always resist the temptations that daily come in our way, and we should therefore look for help from the Almighty. The *Witness* is the only paper that faithfully warns us of those dangerous rocks which bring only folly and disease. I again warn you to beware of the poison shops, and never taste intoxicating liquor. Do not rely on your own strength to resist temptation, for if you do, you will be sure to fail, and perhaps come to a miserable end. We need continual prayer and watchfulness, and to be always prepared for the coming of the Lord.

Montreal, April 10th, 1876.

Address to the Children of Silence.

BY RT. REV. G. T. BEDELL, D. D., DIOCESE OF ONT.

CONFIRMATION OF DEAF-MUTES IN GRACE Church, Cleveland, Ohio, Palm Sunday—Mission of A. W. Mann.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD: I welcome you to the full privileges of the Church, under whose wings I trust you will ever find shelter and peace. By this Holy Rite, you have ratified and confirmed the vows made in Baptism. Those vows have been resting on you all the time. They were recorded in Heaven. And our blessed Lord has been expecting that you would acknowledge and fulfill them. Now, on this happy day, you have repeated them. Being led by the grace of God, the Holy Ghost, in a spirit of penitence and humble faith in our adorable Saviour, you have undertaken to become the Lord's followers, and His obedient children, and are to be known before the world as Christians. You have renewed the vow to renounce all that God has forbidden, to believe all that He has taught, and to do all that He has commanded.

In order to help you in keeping this promise, remember that it is important to form right habits of Christian life.

A habit of daily prayer in private, examining your conduct before God, and confessing your sins to Him; blessing Him for mercies, and asking Him for grace.

A habit of studying God's Holy Word. Not reading the Bible only as one might read any book, but reading it reverently, as the revelation of God's Will, and of His purposes in our salvation; as our guide in the Christian life, and as showing us the way to heaven.

A habit of meditating on the Bible. Thinking about it. Learning some text, keeping it in mind all day, turning it over and over in our minds, and applying it in our daily duties.

As an example, take this text, in the morning—"Looking unto Jesus." Resolve to look unto him as your example, all day. When you wash, remember how pure He was, and how clean from sin all his children ought to be. When you dress, remember that He was clothed in righteousness, and that His children ought to keep their garments white; and ought to be covered with the robe of His righteousness, so that their iniquities shall never be had in remembrance before God. When you go to work, look unto Jesus as one who worked for His daily bread. When you are tempted to any sin, look unto Jesus, and ask, "what would He do were He in my place?" When you prepare for sleep, look unto Jesus, not only for His protecting care, but as being that beloved Saviour whose everlasting friendship you have secured. To you, as to the early Christians, the last sleep has no terror, for you will fall asleep in Jesus. Try, therefore, to form a habit of thus meditating on God's Word.

Another very important habit is constant attendance on Divine worship. Whenever your own minister is here, be careful to meet him, and worship with him. When he is not here still, be careful to go to church. Your Prayer Book will be a great help to you. Sit where you can easily see the minister. By care-

fully following the service, watching when the people stand and kneel, you may enter into all the service with them, and respond in your hearts. Bring your Bibles, and you can read the Lessons with the minister. If you will inquire at the Vestry-Room, before service, your minister will always tell what text he is to preach upon, and you can think about it, while he is preaching. You will find the habit of silent devotion in the midst of the assembly of God's people very profitable.

Lastly, you are now permitted to come to the Holy Communion, and will be very welcome there. In the Lords Supper, He speaks to us in the sign language. All of us listen to him there, precisely as you do. For those holy emblems of His Passion speak to us. The bread that is broken tells us that his body was broken on the cross for our sins. The wine that is poured out tells us that His blood was shed as a sacrifice for our sins. And as we see it we remember that the Lamb of God was slain to take away the sins of the world. We believe in Him, we trust in Him as our Saviour and then, eating and drinking in this Holy Sacrament, His Body and Blood are very real to our souls, and we pledge ourselves again to His service. It strengthens and refreshes us. By the grace of the Holy Ghost our faith and our obedience become stronger. So it is not only your privilege, now as professing Christians, but also your duty, to come to the Holy Communion.

My children in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, my heart goes out very gladly to welcome you to our fellowship, and to greet you as members of our household.

May the Lord bless and sustain you! May He enable you to persevere to the end! May He graciously accept your silent ministries of love, until the glad day of the last Easter, when the "tongue of the dumb shall sing," with all of the saints "Unto Him that has loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood—Unto Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." AMEN.

A Surprise Party.

On the evening of the 5th inst., a limited number of friends assembled at the house of Wm. H. Goldsmith in Cambridgeport, near Boston, to attend a surprise party in honor of the birthday anniversary of Miss Mary E. Murphy. She was completely surprised, and her friends received her warmest thanks for the many new and useful presents brought to her on the occasion.

Refreshments were served, and the evening was pleasantly spent in a diversity of playful games and in cheerful, interesting conversation till late in the night, when the guests departed for their homes. It was one of the happiest and merriest parties we ever attended. Much credit is due to Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmith for so successfully getting up such a very enjoyable time.

Among those who were present, were Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Wise, Mrs. Rhoda Barnard and daughter, Misses Cornelia Bartholomew, of Hartford, Ct., Kate Murphy, Downey and Messrs. W. H. Krause, E. J. Welsh, Geo. A. Newhall, Henry White, James Hadley and Mr. Lerigan.

Art School.

There is no art school in any institution for deaf-mutes in the United States. I have learned that several of the schools have primary classes in drawing lessons at present, but their work is probably temporary only.

It is my opinion that every institution and even the National College for Deaf-mutes especially, should be required to have art departments, as an education in art refining and elevating, and opens to deaf-mutes another source of business for life.

Dr. H. P. Peet, his oldest son and several deaf-mutes, about twenty-five years ago, went over to Europe in order to observe what the systems of instruction and processes of foreign institutions were.

He found pupils studying art with very creditable results, and felt that in America it would add much to the course of instruction for deaf-mutes if art were included in their education.

On his return, reporting this to the Board of Directors of the New York Institution, they resolved to sustain the art department and at once appointed a new teacher named Prof. Knudsen. There were a few branches of designs taught, viz: drawing in pencil and ink and wood engraving. The plan of drawing had been tried two or three years. Some specimens were very fine and handsome. But that the Board of Directors withdrew the work of the art department and discharged Prof. Knudsen, was very foolish.

Why, and what was the cause? Had the work of the art department been so stained until to-day, there is no doubt that many of the graduates of the New York Institution would have been distinguished for their famous works and happier in life.

It is certain that now there are several in the United States, good artists as the results of self-instruction.

It is reported in the papers that the teaching of industrial drawing has become a law in the State of New York. I think that the art department of the New York Institution ought to be reorganized. The property of the institution is free from debt and the board of directors could afford a small appropriation for it. Suppose the art department in the Central New York Institution for Deaf-mutes is organized, the pupils would find it the best method attending a geometrical basis, beginning with combinations of straight lines, ascending by all the stages till the designs reach plant-form, applied to decoration for plates, cups and saucers, lace, wall papers, and brass ornamentations. The time occupied for this study would be from an hour and a half to two hours a week. Some of the pictures would be beautiful and show an originality and peculiarity that would distinguish

them from English or American designs. When the pupils were well accomplished graduate, they could work as portrait and landscape painters, sculptors, wood and steel engravers, lithographers, wood carvers, negative retouchers, &c. I believe that it will be from observation and thought that all advance and invention shall come. Before many years there may be a corps of good editors, excellent draughtsmen and well educated wood engravers engaged in publishing some illustrated papers for deaf-mutes.

J. E. S.

Cherry Valley, April, 1876.

No. 940 Third Avenue "Besieged."

It having been whispered around among the friends of Mrs. John Witschief the lovely wife of Mr. John Witschief, the President of the Manhattan Literary Association, that she would attain her 25th birthday on the 26th of March, her friends resolved to surprise her and consequently her residence, No. 940 Third Avenue, New York, was "besieged" on the evening of the 27th of March by as merry a party of deaf-mutes as was ever collected together.

The attacking party was led by Mrs. R. T. Bailey and Miss M. D. Peabody, and they performed their duty in such a chivalrous manner that the host and hostess soon capitulated and welcomed them in.

Mrs. John Witschief, although surprised, but not at all frightened took every one, as they crossed the threshold, cordially by the hand. The vanguard was soon followed by others and before nine o'clock the parlors were crowded, the ladies taking as much interest in the affair as their escorts.

The surprise was a brilliant success both in character and numbers, well sustaining the reputation which the Committee has acquired. As soon as possible the inevitable parlor amusements were begun and the time was spent in various enjoyments thereafter until midnight when the thrilling tidings came that supper was ready and all speedily vacated their seats and formed into line and the army of "besiegers" proceeded to the table under command of the Committee where all sat down to a well prepared supper, every delicacy of the season being spread bountifully before them, and one and all enjoyed themselves to their stomachs content.

If your correspondent, who is a "pure-bred greenhorn" is any judge and if he is not deceived by his taste, there were on the table besides solid and cold crockery, cranberry sauce as red as rubies, bread, ham, biscuits, jelly, apples, oranges, candies, molasses, raisins, nuts, almonds, jelly cake, sugar cake, pound cake, fancy cake, coffee, doughnuts, tea, lemonade, sponge cake, etc., and all were served up by very able and handsome ladies.

At the table, Mr. John Witschief spoke on "the Centennial Year." Mr. M. Heyman excused himself from speaking on the ground that he was not prepared. Mr. James Russell, the ex-President of the Manhattan Literary Association, spoke on the "Prosperity of the Host and Hostess." Mr. R. T. Bailey on "the Olden Times when we were School Mates," and Mr. Lytton Bulwer on the "Press."

After partaking of the hospitalities, the guests returned to the parlors and there spent the hours in various ways. The pleasures were so great and the night so short that the guests prolonged their stay almost until old "Sol" made his appearance in the morning and warned all home, and the besieging party reluctantly took their departure from the hospitable quarters of Mr. and Mrs. John Witschief.

The ladies' toilets were elegant and becoming.

The old adage, "the course of true love never runs smooth" is often fully exemplified and during the few hours, attachments were made but by special reasons, which Cupid alone knows, the following poem was pretty well noticed among the younger ones before leaving the door steps of 940 Third Avenue.

When eyes are scanning
What never tongue might tell,
When tears are streaming
From their crystal cell,
When hands are linked that dread to part,
And heart is met with throbbing heart.
Oh! bitter! bitter is the smart
Of them that say "farewell."

When hope is children,
That pain of bliss would tell,
And love forbids
In the breast to dwell
When fettered by a viewless chain;
We turn and gaze, and turn again.
Oh! death, adieu to the pain
Of them that say "farewell."

But how would it look if we could get our obituary poet, G. W. Childs, A. M., to write an obituary poem on such a final departure?

AGRIPPA.

New York, March 30, 1876.

The Children's Easter Service

At Grace (Episcopal) church, on Sunday evening last, was, as usual, an interesting occasion. According to the custom of this church (which is a beautiful one, and one that other churches are adopting), there were beautiful flowers in abundance. Conspicuous among other floral decorations was a beautiful cross, trimmed with flowers, similar to Hart's "Easter Morning," and numerous call lilies brought to our mind He who said, "Consider the lilies." The ladies who arranged the flowers displayed good taste, and are entitled to great credit.

The exercises were similar to those of last year, with the exception of the professional, which was omitted.

The banner, whose history most are familiar with, and which is awarded to the class that has the most perfect lessons and behaves best during the year, was presented to Mrs. Theodore Wheeler's class. The address of Rev. Mr. Hayden was appropriate, interesting and instructive. The offerings from the various classes amounted to \$87.64.

Base Ball Notes.

THE ACTIVES DEFEATED BY THE BALTICS, 19 TO 24 RUNS.

These two clubs, consisting of nine pupils each, belonging to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, played a friendly game of base ball, in the presence of many people, on the Washington Ave., and 19th street grounds, on Saturday afternoon, April 1st. John Lewis is the Captain of the Active club, and George Kohler that of the Baltics. The fielding of both clubs was, with a few exceptions, excellent. They would doubtless have done better, but the ground was not in good condition, and the weather was not favorable. The captain of the Baltic club made a brilliant home run in the first inning. Cooper, the right fielder of the Active club, caught two splendid flies, one in the sixth inning, and the other in the eighth. Allabough played brilliantly at the first base. The pitching of both pitchers was excellent, but particularly that of Lewis.

The game was very interesting, and gave much satisfaction.

The following is the score:

BALTIC.	ACTIVE.	
J. Sands, 1st b., 2	J. Lewis, p., 3	0
G. Kohler, p., 3	Y. Natter, 3d b., 4	2
C. H. Shure, r. f., 4	O. Y. Cooper, r. f., 4	1
C. H. Schell, c., 3	R. M. Zeigler, c., 2	3
J. O'Neill, 3d b., 4	J. Geary, s., 3	3
Wm. Lee, s. s., 5	B. R. Allabough, 1 b., 5	1
Wm. Brookshire, c. 2	H. M. Mallouk, c. f., 2	2
J. Bruth, 1. f., 2	A. D. Manner, 2d b., 2	1
James Oakes, 2d b., 2	J. J. Herbert, 1. f., 6	0
27	24	27

Innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Baltic, 3 5 2 2 3 0 2 5 2-24
Active, 5 0 1 0 2 8 1 2 0-19

The umpire was Mr. John Daily, and the scorer, Mr. Wm. P. Austin; both of these gentlemen are deaf-mutes.

Time—about 2½ hours.

QUAKER CITY.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB. NEW YORK, April 11th 1875.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—As nearly all of the male portion of your readers are interested in base ball matters, and as your columns are always open for notes, I send you this notice of the organization of a new club called "The Star." They played the first game to-day, but have already challenged a club at Inwood; the match will come off in three weeks.

Officers—C. Edmonston, Captain; J. O'Brien, Secretary; A. Thomas, Treas. F. Hewitt, D. Mahoney, W. Ennis, Committee.

W. F. HOWELL.

A Deaf-mute Association Organized in Toronto.

(Toronto Mail, April 8th.)

The first meeting of the Toronto Deaf-mute Association, which was organized by Dr. Palmer on Wednesday evening, took place last night in one of the rooms at Shaftesbury Hall. Although all the deaf-mutes were unable to attend, there was a good number of both sexes present, and the greatest enthusiasm was evinced in the work of the newly formed Association. The report of the Committee appointed to prepare the constitution and by-laws was unanimously adopted. After that the members of the Association elected from among themselves by ballot the following officers:—President, Wm. Temple; Secretary, Richard Slater; Treasurer, Charles J. Howe; Librarian, George Bromfield. The night of meeting was fixed for the first Wednesday in the month, and the fee was settled upon at twenty-five cents a month. The President-elect took the chair at the request of Dr. Palmer, and made a speech in the deaf and dumb mode of communication, in which he thanked the Association for the honor they had conferred upon him by electing him their President, and exhorted them to enter into the work with zeal and to continue to carry it on faithfully. One of the members suggested that the Secretary should prepare a circular setting forth the objects of the Association and soliciting aid to carry on its good work. The suggestion was adopted. Dr. Palmer congratulated the deaf-mutes upon the formation of their Association, and pointed out that small beginnings often brought about important results. He dwelt upon the benefits that would accrue to them from spending their evenings together occasionally for purposes of mental improvement. They were urged to assist one another in time of need and to lend a helping hand to strangers in the city. On motion of one of the members Dr. Palmer was invited to become a patron of the Society, which he readily agreed to do. The meeting was then brought to a close by the repeating of the Lord's Prayer.

Sudden Death.

Thursday night of last week, Mr. T. B. Ely, of this place, was suddenly stricken down with hemorrhage of the brain. He complained of pain in his head, and retired early thinking to be better in the morning. In the morning he was found to be unconscious, and although his physicians, (Mrs. Heaton and Huntington), did all in their power, he remained in that condition until his death, which occurred Saturday, at 7:30 p. m. Mr. Ely was spent most of his life in this place, and was well known in the county. Not quite a year ago his sister, Mrs. Ballard, died, and now another link in the family circle is broken. The funeral took place at the residence of Mrs. C. D. Snell, last Tuesday afternoon, and was largely attended. Mrs. Ely has the sympathy of our community in her sudden and great bereavement.

—There are between fifty and sixty cases of measles in District No. 8, and school has been closed for two weeks in consequence. There are many other cases in town; among them two in our office, the senior and junior devil.

News of the Week.

The President has signed the Silver bill.

The funeral of Mr. Stewart took place Thursday, with services at the house and at the church.

The number of failures in the first quarter of 1876 has much exceeded that in the first quarter of 1875.

Near Louisville, Ky., Thursday night, a hurricane blew down a building and killed Michael and John Meffert, father and son, injured six others and did much damage.

Ellen M. Callinan was shot in the heart at Corning, N. Y., Sunday, by John McNamara, her lover, and a porter of the Arcade Hotel. She died within ten minutes. Jealousy was the cause of the deed. Deceased was twenty years old, and her murderer about the same age. Three hundred dollars reward has been offered for the arrest of McNamara, who made his escape after the shooting.

The Secretary of the Treasury received on Saturday, a contribution to the conscience fund from Boston of \$115 in gold.

A petition has been sent to the President from 3,000 citizens of St. Louis for the pardon of Constantine Maguire, on the ground that he was convicted in the whisky cases on a technical offense, and received no mercy.

The tow-boat Dictator collided with a bridge at Hannibal, Mo., Monday, and nine persons were drowned.

Dom Pedro left the empress in New York, Monday, and started for San Francisco.

The American team has accepted the challenge of the Irish to shoot a match after the centennial matches.

A desperate fight occurred in Limerick, Ireland, Monday, at a political meeting; a large number were injured.

Victor Hugo and Louis Blanc addressed a meeting organized to aid French workmen in going to the Exhibition.

Gen. Babcock and six others have been indicted for complicity in the safe-burglary conspiracy; the President is reported to have lost faith in Babcock.

Secretary Bristow issued a circular on Tuesday, giving instructions concerning the issue of silver coin in place of fractional currency.

The President, on Tuesday, vetoed the bill reducing the salary of the President to \$25,000.

H. C. Bowen has withdrawn from the Congressional Union.

The loss of the Victory, from Shielde for San Francisco, is confirmed; the captain, pilot and twenty-five men were drowned.

Little Jimmy's Vision.

O, mother, dearest mother,
As I lay last night in pain,
A little group of angels
Unto my bed-side came.

They fanned my cheek and bathed my brow,
And kissed away my tears,
And brought me pretty garlands,
My drooping soul to cheer.

And told me of a home they'd found
Beyond the starry sky;
And said they'd come and take me there,
And had me not to cry.

They said it was more beautiful
Than anything I'd seen;
The skies were always clear and bright,
The leaves were always green.

The flowers never cease to bloom,
Nor birds to sing sweet strains,
And if I'd go and live with them,
They'd come for me again.

They said they'd bring a little robe,
Just such as they all wore,
And when once in their little home,
I'd never suffer more.

And they looked so happy, mother,
And smiled so sweet on me;
O, how I wish they'd come again,
So you and I could see.

I know you'd let me go with them,
So good and pure they seem;
But ma, I fear you're going to say
It's all a childish dream.

But mother, dear, it could not be,
For I saw little Tim,
And he sang to me the very song
You used to sing to him.

And told of mansions in the skies
Where little children dwell,
And many, many other things
Did little Timmy tell.

They said they were so happy
In their home beyond the blue,
And if I'd go and live with them,
They'd make me happy too.

I know they'll come again, mamma,
And if you'll let me go,
I'll come and see you often,
I'll mamma, you know.

O, listen, mother, listen,
They're coming now again,
I hear the same sweet music,
That charmed away my pain.

Oh! no, I'm not mistaken,
The same sweet sounds I hear,
And can't you hear them, mother?
They're coming very near.

They're almost here, mother,
Their little forms I see,
And one has brought a pure white robe,
I know it is for me.

Another holds within his hand,
A little starry crown,
He snatched it from the sparkling sky,
As they were coming down.

And don't you see them, mother,
And can't you hear them sing,
And don't you hear the rustling
Of their little tiny wing?

And they're beckoning me to come,
I can no longer stay,
But come and kiss me, mother, dear,
Before I go away.

And little Jimmy closed his eyes,
No more on earth to weep,
And in the arms of angels
He gently fell asleep.

It surely was not dying,
He only passed away,
To live among the angels,
And left behind his clay.

Mrs. E. A. COLE.
Mexico, April 9, 1876.

Chinese Superstition.

A host of superstitions find a home in China. Nearly all of the Chinese are fatalists—believers in inevitable destiny. They take no precautions against fire, even in towns built of wooden houses, and made up of narrow streets; if the houses are to be burned, they say, they will be, if not, what is the use of taking any care to prevent what will never happen?

They have great confidence in fortune tellers and "wise people," who, like their fraternity all over the world, promise good in an exact ratio to the amount of money they get; and, as "male progeny, official employment, and long life" are the three greatest blessings a Chinese can possibly desire, these in varying degree are the good fortunes predicted to the dupes who visit the clairvoyant. Charms, talismans, and such like are hung up in every house, and are firmly trusted in, especially by the Taquiists, who are more superstitious than the rest of their countrymen. They dread the "wandering ghosts, or spirits of people who have come to a bad end."

When the Europeans first came to China, mothers pointed them out as high-nosed, fair-haired demons, who had wandered far from home. Hence the term yet applied, though not in the same significance or even bitterness as before, *fan Kuei*, "foreign devil," "spirit," or "ghost," to all Europeans. "Demoniacal possession" is related of many persons, the demons having entered into them, and made them play furious pranks on those on whom they disliked.

Last week in a Blair county church, during a revival meeting, the room became so crowded that it was necessary to procure more seats. There were chairs stowed carefully away in the attic; one of the members went up to hand them down; the leader gave out the hymn "Hold the Fort." The attic floor consisted of the plastering which constituted the ceiling of the room below, of which circumstance the chair-seeker was not aware. So just as the choir commenced the first stanza, down comes one leg of the unfortunate chair hunter. The choir, however, did not notice the circumstance, and went on singing, "Ho! my comrades, see the signal waving in the air, reinforcements now are coming," etc. Just at this instant the other leg appeared and the singing was drowned by the roaring laughter of the congregation.—*Huntington, Pa., Local News.*

Minor Topics.

Only 40 out of 200 of the Nootka Sound tribe of Indians, British Columbia, have survived the visitation of small pox.

Thirty-one millions of dollars' worth of dressed hogs were exported from the United States from Nov. 1, 1875, to March 1, 1876.

Mr. L. A. Gullaudt, a Frenchman living at Rome, has presented the city of Philadelphia with a mosaic portrait of Washington.

The English revisers of the old Testament have reached the forty-fourth chapter of Jeremiah, twenty-first verse.

Four thousand head of cattle have died in Utah this winter on account of the deep snows which prevented their getting to the grass.

The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, has accepted the presidency of the Washington National Monument Association. He is in favor of finishing the monument as soon as possible.

Although 210,000 persons have been admitted since last Easter to the London Tower free of charge, not a single article in the great national collection has been lost or damaged.

An English agent representing a capital of \$15,000,000 is in Charlotte, N. C., considering the expediency of establishing a smelting furnace for the treatment of sulphurets and refractory ores.

There are 62,552 churches in the United States, with sittings for 11,395,542 people, the Methodists being the strongest denomination. The total value of church property is placed at \$349,619,780.

The Queen of England's paintings which will be exhibited at the Centennial will be guarded constantly by a squad of policemen. The pictures have been heavily insured in eight different English companies.

In his last instalment on the war in demerity the King of Ashantee sent the English Governor 500 ounces of adulterated gold, which were returned with orders to make the amount good within five days.

The large public library opened at Rome on Victor Emanuel's 56th birthday, being at the same time the 33d of his eldest son, contains 650,000 volumes which belong to the suppressed monasteries.

Sixty-nine vessels belonging to or bound from American ports suffered loss during last month. Estimated loss, exclusive of cargoes, \$1,600,000. Several of the shipwrecks were accompanied by serious loss of life.

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JOHN PARSONS.
Mexico, Feb. 1, 1876. 14-2m

AN OPEN QUESTION.

Mr. Jones, aged twenty-five, having a family, and a desire to protect them and lay up something for the future, resolves that while in the prime of his manhood he will save from his yearly income for that purpose, the sum of \$100. This amount he deposits in the savings bank at six per cent compound interest. If he dies before making another deposit he leaves his family the paltry hundred dollars and accrued interest. If he lives to make this annual deposit for twenty years, and the bank does not fail, he will then have accumulated the sum of \$3,899.30. But how many and how great will be the temptations during this time to draw his accumulations, indulge in speculation and lose all, or a greater portion, and leave him at forty-five with little or nothing more than he had at starting.

Now, Mr. Smith, starting out in life at the same age and time, in exactly the same circumstances, endowed with similar hopes and fears; knowing the uncertainty of life, invests his saving of \$100 annually in an endowment policy, in some first-class life company, the same to be paid to his wife or children in case of his death before, and if living, to himself at the end of twenty years. Should he die within a twelve-month his family would receive the sum of \$2,100. Should he live to reach the age of forty-five he will have in ready money, (taking the past experience of the Mutual Life Ins. Co., of N. Y., as our guide), the sum of \$3,678.60. In other words, he has paid for this protection to his family, for twenty years, only \$220.70, or about \$11.00 per annum. How insignificant a sum is this to pay for the assurance, that if we are deprived of life at an early age by disease or accident, we shall leave those we love, and who are dependent upon us, beyond the reach of immediate want. My friends, the question is, who takes the wise course, Jones or Smith?

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Amount of losses paid in the State of N. Y., 1875, 22,098.00
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SUPREME COURT—STATE OF NEW YORK.
Susan A. Babcock against J. H. Bothwell and William H. Reynolds.
To the above named defendants:

You are hereby required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff, a copy of which is hereto annexed, and to serve a copy of your answer on me at my office in Oswego City, N. Y., within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, or the plaintiff will take judgment against you for one hundred and ninety dollars and eighty cents with interest from June 1, 1875, besides costs.

N. W. NUTTING, Plaintiff's Attorney.
Oswego, N. Y., 23-7

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